

CHARLOTTE PENCE

I'm Thinking Again of That Lone Boxer

practicing in Baltimore's Herring Run Park,
floating over the fogged field. City gridlock stood
beside him as he slipped and bobbed, countered
and angled, practicing the art of when to back

down, when to dodge, when to defend.
I'd just been thinking about all I'm losing
in this thing called motherhood
when he delivered a left hook that could've spun

that string of blue stars around anyone's head.
I refuse to say he was a dancer, for he was
what he always was: a man fighting in an empty
field against himself. Yet as long as I remember

that taut curve of back ready to uncoil a punch,
bow of head ready to receive a blow, how
can I not believe in the possibility of peace?

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